

BLACK MAN'S CURSE

Half-way through the weekend, the fun starts: we're on our knees like a couple

of perverts checking out the bedroom floor (Only, she objected to this image, which left us

crouching like private detectives on heat): it's the little black hairs we're after --

stubborn rascals getting everywhere -- from bath and wash-basin to tell-tale places

in other rooms -- even the odd book or magazine I happen to have glanced through.

I'm just a multiple walking clue. Even without the haircut, the little squealers

keep watch for the Man. 'It's moral blackmail,' says the Lady, tense and angry,

'It's as bad as old-fashioned guilt.' But we were on the wrong side of a thing

so much bigger than both of us, turning it all Platonic. There was little time left

for anything but the removal of evidence, of suspected evidence, of non-evidence;

till the lovers' reprieve suddenly came through turning all the black hairs grey.

It tinged of the Man's sense of humour -- this kind of Divine Intervention.